



Shadow Runners



👁 118 ✓ 8 ★ 12

Chapter 1 by PyromaniacSoap

Some may call them vampires, but we do not even dare speak that name lest they come after us, in anger of the old name that has cursed them since the old times. We just call them "Sprinters", or "Shadow runners". If you see a quick shadow that looks humanoid, you're alone, and it's not yours... run. It probably won't do you much good though, they are wicked fast leaving even their own shadows behind, sinking their white teeth into the back of your neck before you drift into death's wide open arms happy that you were spared from turning.

But, the Shadow Runners will find you eventually. There is no escape. Their kiss of death will caress your neck and you will either enjoy death's warm embrace or face "The turning." A life without a soul. These... things feast not only on blood and flesh but on inner being, soul, hoping to regain theirs, and die. You too will face that fate, before receiving that kiss from death's lips, and that will seem too good to be true, accepting you into the world of the afterlife, changed and sorrowed from your acts of murder, and trying to retrieve a soul.

I am one of them

I run, and run, searching for the end of this God-forsaken life, trying to find a soul to devour, and

I don't care whose. I need a soul, for mine was lost to the teeth of God's worst creation. Those things whose names cannot be uttered, and vomit pouring into the

mouth. The vile taste of flesh, and blood, and the darkness, blinking is slower than my heartbeat. I run, and run, hunting the person that will give me freedom. Give me a soul.

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Chapter 2 by -



But no one would. Old men would die of a heart attack before my teeth even broke the warm surface. Women would remember God and in the last millisecond, ask for help. Children, well, the only way to seize them is to turn my head away. Away from those large, pitifully frightened and pleading eyes.

If only there were some way to disguise myself. To look like a nice guy. Then maybe, just maybe, I could win the heart of a girl.

A girl in love will give anything. Do anything.

Even sacrifice her soul. Yes, there is my hope! My hope is in those noble hearted beauties.

Now I must find the one, the only one, who can make me a perfect disguise.

Chapter 3 by -



"HOW DARE YOU ENTER MY LAIR?" Lucifer flashed his red hot tail in my face. The sharp end licked my skeletal face. His fiery eyes fumed with intense anger.

"Master, PLEASE! I beg of you!"

Lucifer sat furious on his worm eaten throne. His black horns cast red reflections of my soulless being. Sparks blew out of his nostrils as he demanded to know my unprecedented intrusion.

"Master, I am soulless. I know to ask you for a soul would be to presumptuous; all I ask of thee is to be given a disguise. I... I want to search for a soul in human form." I cringed, awaiting the inevitable blows.

The flaming tail lashed me mercilessly, until my body smoked with pain. "You shall be given seven days to roam the filthy earth as a man. But if you are not successful in your mission, you shall forever run with the Shadows!"

I squirmed excitedly. "Oh, Master, please!" I begged, trying to distract him from his presence.

I quickly sprung through the shadows, disappearing into the human world.

Chapter 4 by Farouk Khan



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As soon as I reached the world, I ran to someone. That person didn't have the look of pure terror on his face. He looked at me and then looked away.

It worked! If I had been in the form of a shadow runner, then he surely would have been frightened!

I immediately searched for a woman. I searched left and right, but could not find a girl that suited me. But then I remembered, I only needed a soul. I did not need the love to last.

Then I dashed to the nearest lady and said "Hello. How are you doing today?"

And she replied "Hola. Como Esta?" Then I realized where I was. Madrid, Spain.

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